

STATE RIGHTS AND DEMOCRATIC UNION.

BY WILLIAM M. TOLBERT & Co.]

VOL. 1.

"STATE RIGHTS AND STATE REMEDIES—THE SAFETY OF THE UNION,"

[\$5 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.]

YAZOO CITY, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1839.

NO. 15.

STATE RIGHTS AND DEMOCRATIC UNION.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

TERMS.—The STATE RIGHTS AND DEMOCRATIC UNION will be furnished to subscribers at \$5.00 per annum in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each week thereafter—ten lines, or less, constituting a square. The number of insertions required must be noted on the margin of the manuscript, or they will be inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly. Advertisements from a distance must be accompanied with the CASH, or good reference in advance. Announcing candidates for office will be \$10 a State or county office—in advance.

YEARLY ADVERTISERS.

For forty lines or less, renewable at pleasure \$60. No contract taken for less than one year, and payable half yearly in advance.

The privilege of annual advertisers is limited to their own immediate business, and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, sent in by them must be paid for by the square.

PROFESSIONAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

For 10 lines or less, not alterable 3 months, \$12. 10 do do do 6 months, 20. 10 do do do 9 months, 30.

As the above rates are the same as those established in Natchez, Vicksburg, Grand Gulf and elsewhere in this State, no deduction will be made from them in any case whatever.

ALL JOB WORK MUST BE PAID FOR ON DELIVERY.

Letters on business must be sent paid, or the will not be taken from the Post Office.

POETRY.

WASHINGTON'S OFFICE.

BY J. E. D. W.

A friend gave me a piece of the coffin of the Father of our country, which was taken from its tomb at the time of the transfer of his remains to the marble sarcophagus in July last. Such a relic should never be parted with by me, and hereafter, my children, as the sacred secret is handed down, shall exclaim with holy admiration, "This covered the form of Washington."

The monarch's mausoleum may rise In sculptured beauty to the skies; And flashing gems may mark the spot Where tyrants sleep, by man forgot; The pyramid may mock at crime; And live a monument of crime; And slare in its pride may sleep And be the cavern of the deep; Whose dark and thunder speaking flood, Was turned for him, O'erflows of blood.

'Tis here in towers the proud of birth May mingle with their parent earth! And dotted arch and chancel turn May speak their meaning in their turn; The lofty pillars, base and wide, May show Pompey lived and died; And faded quire may brightly show, Where bowled Methuselah below; From hammer and axe an mingled tomb, From Druid's cairn, and cypress gloom, From painted wall, and sculptured stone, I seek the ashes of a nation's son; And while the nation's name above, I find it in a nation's love.

The mountain peak, the giant stream, The holy sepulchre, the old man's dream, The fading o'er, dark and old, The hunter's lodge, the hermit's fold, The city's tower, whose ocean fleet May earth's remotest regions meet, The deep's soft, a nerve to weave Where fiery feet our circles leave, The chimes press, the village school Where knowledge eases her golden rule; These tell the powers he laid to rest, And did Columbia prize her son: Who star upon the crest of night Trace out his name in living light.

No golden crown, no sceptered ball, No diadem on his noble brow; No Roman purple robes his form; The foremost in war's bloody storm; No eagle's plume, no eagle's stain, Led on by prince, formed his train; We pried in the banner of the brave, His brothers bore him to his grave; While o'er him a-erating flame Incribed new glory in his name.

Dark temples reared in crime and lust, By bloody hand, were were done, May tower above amid lions and men: This relic covered WASHINGTON!

From the National Magazine.

OUR FLAG.

BY WM. D. FAIRCHILD.

Above me is that banner bright, Which was o'er land and sea, The potent symbol of our life—The emblem of the free! What though in foreign climes it waves, Breathing on the breeze, Whose shore the Ocean waves, In Euzoa's North Sea's waves, A deep respect it finds.

It trod upon Moslem's land, Surrounded by his slaves; It wandered o'er Arabian sand, And where the Red Sea laves, It stood where Babylon's lofty domes, O'er glittered in the sun. And 'glimpse of a rainbow— Brought'er have blushed where that flag looms, By which our fathers won.

I've stood upon Helvetia's height, The home of William Tell; And where the Polish sword gleamed bright, On Warsaw's citadel; I've wandered o'er land and sea, Where mortal e'er can roam; I've wandered far and wide, and free, And thou hast ever sheltered me, Thou emblem of my home!

Beneath thy glorious stripes and stars! Bright deeds have oft been done; And 'neath the many gallant scars In battle have been won. Flow on as thou dost in that hour, When freedom fought and bled; And pinned be the hand that would lower The emblem of our father's power— Flow on, all freedom's host!

WHAT I WOULD HAVE.

Give me old music—let me hear The strains of days gone by; Nor stay my voice in foolish fear, If to their tones my fellow ear Should make a faint reply. The songs that lulled me on the breast To sleep away the noon, Sing on—sing on—I love them best: The old melody in the notes impressed Of each familiar tune.

Give me old wine—the choicest store, Drawn from the shady vine; Our vineyards will produce no more Such rare, though once they gave of yore, As sparkling from the vine.

Give me old friends—the tried, the true, Who launched the rarks with me, And all my joy and sorrow knew, As chance's gales the pilgrims blew, As oars the boatmen row. Their memories are the same as mine, Their hearts the same as mine; Bring on, bring all, their smiles shall shine Upon our good old song and wine, Like streams from the past.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The skeleton of Maengo, the barb horse which Napoleon rode at Waterloo, and at most of his great battles, has been presented to the museum of the United States Institution, in Middle-Scotland yard, by Lieutenant Colonel Angerstein, of the Grenadier Guards. Maengo was a beautifully formed Arab steed of parent blood, about thirteen hands and a half high. He was frequently wounded, and at Waterloo was struck by a musket ball on the hip.

His Prussian Majesty King Frederick William entered, on the 31st instant, the 70th year of his age. Brundotte, King of Sweden, is the oldest of the reigning Sovereigns of Europe, he being, since the 26th of January, his 76th year. The Pope comes next, then the King of Denmark, the King of Prussia, and Louis Philippe, King of the French, who will be 67 years old on the 6th of October next.

Autographs.—Sir Richard Phillips claims to be the first collector of Autographs, and it is certain, that he was early in possession of some of these precious relics, each arranged by the alphabetical name of the writer. He was so well aware of their value, at a time when they were little thought of by others, that he has been heard to say he would as soon part with a tooth as a letter of Colly Cibber's; and that he expected a grant of land in America for a manuscript of Washington's.

A man to be agreeable and good company, must think nicely and readil upon what is said,—have a good fund of wit,—a faithful memory, and a suitable imagination; he should also be master of his mother tongue, or, without this, the best of thoughts will fail to please.

An expected suitor, one day walking at a pretty village in Bedfordshire, with the object of his affections hanging upon his arm, and describing the ardency of his affection, said, "How transported I am to have you hanging on my arm." "Upon my word," said the lady, "you make us out to be a very respectable couple, when one is transported and the other hanging."

Political liberty does not consist in being able to do what we wish, but in being able to do what we ought to wish.

Refinement.—A lady went into a day school not long ago, and seeing a little girl at work asked her what she was making. The child dropped a curtsey and replied, "A Hymn, ma'am." "A what?" said the lady, "looks like a shirt!" "Yes, ma'am," rejoined the little woman, "only Governors says we ought to say Hymns for these, the same as Shemises for the others."

Negrophobia, is the latest name given to the disease of abolition—it is decidedly worse than hydrophobia.

We know a chap in this place, whose nose is so fiery, that his wife uses it to heat the oven, boil the kettle, and light the candle in the night when the child cries.

Why is a newspaper like a tooth brush? Dye give it up! Because every body should have one of his own, and not borrow his neighbor's.

The Boston Times says, "give us old Vermont for true religion, beautiful women, fine sheep and good shingle timber."

The Hartford Courier has the audacity to assert the present net-work fashion for ladies' gloves is only for the purpose of letting the rings show through.

An Irishman was observed to feed his pig one day to completion and to starve it the next. On being asked his reason for doing so he said, "Och sure, and isn't it that I like to have bacon with a stroke of fat and a stroke of lard equally one after t'other."

A chap in N. W. Hampshire who was desired to say grace over a Thanksgiving dinner being entirely unaccustomed to the ceremony hesitated for a moment, then closed his eyes, and solemnly ejaculated, "Let us dine."

The cause of the ladies' teeth decaying is so much earlier stage of life than those of the other sex, is attributed to the friction of the tongue upon them. But according to the Hartford Courier, it is owing to the sweetness of their lips, as it is a fact well established by every body's say so, that sweet things rot the teeth.

From a return of a writ against the Essex Bank, it appears that the whole amount of property, which could be got at by the officer, consisted of about twenty dollars in specie and twelve sticks of sealing wax.—Coco County Democrat.

Banking on a new plan.—The Chelsea Bank has made the funniest suspension that

ever was heard of in the history of banking. Yesterday a person holding their bills, to the amount of \$8, went to the bank to get specie, when they refused to redeem them. "Do you mean to suspend for \$8?" said the man. "Yes, if we like," said one of the clerks. The bills were afterwards offered for fifty cents in the street, but no takers.—Bennett's Herald.

Luther and the Devil.—We are told, that when Luther was busy on his version of the Psalms, the Devil came to trouble him, but the reformer flung his inkstand at him, and the fiend flew away. Now-a-days, it is not the Devil that gets bespattered with ink, but worthy men and good citizens.

Truth and Falshood.—Falshood flies swift as the wind, and Truth creeps behind her at a snail's pace. But Falshood makes so many twistings and turnings, that Truth, keeping steadily on, looking neither to the right nor the left, overtakes her before long.

Harsh Judgment.—If you must form harsh judgments, form them of yourself, not of others; and, in general, begin by attending to your own deficiencies first. If every one would sweep up his own walk, we should have very clean streets.

Metaphysicians.—The speculations of some of our metaphysical writers are as fine and delicate as spiders' webs; like them, too, unfortunately, they catch nothing but flies.

Self-Praise.—When you hear any one making a noise about himself, his merits and his good qualities, remember that the poorest wheel of a wagon always creaks the loudest.

The wise men of Greece.—All Greece populous, refined, and cultivated as it was, could boast of but seven wise men; now-a-days, you can find as many as that in every coffee room.

Contented Poverty.—Do not sigh for this world's goods, nor lament thy poverty. Out of the meanest hovel thou canst get a sight of heaven.

Experience.—Experience is the most eloquent of preachers, but she never has a large congregation.

The Golden Age.—We live not in the golden age indeed, but in an age of gold, for it is a powerful.

Adversity.—We never read of any saint in heaven, who did not have to endure sorrow and suffering in this life.

General Popularity.—Never aim at universal popularity, for know, that fools, like nobody but a fool, like themselves.

Silence.—A fool that holds his tongue is almost a wise man.

The Ruling Passion strong in Death.—In the life of Samuel Drew—an English Wesleyan Methodist, of great eminence and piety, the following anecdote is introduced, furnishing another instance of the "ruling passion strong in death."

"Many years ago, an old gentleman not far from Plymouth, who had grown rich by government contracts, was on his death-bed. Wishing to make a christian end, he desired to have read to him the first and last chapters of Job. At the inventory of Job's wealth, the old gentleman desired the reader to pause, that he might duly estimate the value of each item."

"Now how much will 14,000 sheep amount to, at so much a head?" naming a sum.

"It will be so much."

"Well, put that down. And how much are 6000 camels worth?"

"This was computed."

"Put that down too. And the thousand yoke of oxen, and the thousand she-asses, reckon them and put down the amount?"

"This was done."

"Now cast it up and tell me the total."

Being informed of this, he raised his dying hands in admiration, saying: "Oh, what a happy man! If Job was living now, he and I would take all the dockyard and navy contracts!"

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

This subject is now undergoing an examination that cannot fail to throw light upon it. The opening of Grave Creek mound, on the Ohio river, twelve miles below Wheeling, by the owner of the property, has brought to light some important facts. This mound is much the largest one on the Ohio river, but is a mere pigmy to some in Illinois and Wisconsin. The opening was performed by carrying a horizontal drit to the centre, four feet above the original surface of the earth. Two vaults, rudely constructed with timber and stone, were exposed to view. In the bottom of the lower vault two skeletons were found much decayed, with ivory beads and rude ornaments of stone. In the upper vault, which appears to have been constructed a long period after the first, was found one skeleton, and that much more decayed than those in the lower one. With this skeleton were found many hundreds of ivory beads, more than sixty pieces of mica, perforated with holes, and several copper bracelets.

Whoever has read the account of De Soto's expedition to the Mississippi, three hundred years since, will recollect that the customs of the Indians then were to make vaults or cellars for their dead, and raise mounds of earth over them. The proprietor of Grave Creek mound proposes to have the excavation walled, and a summer-house erected on the mound, that it may be a place of resort to the curious.

Let the subject of mounds be thoroughly investigated, and the result will be evi-

dence that such as have been produced by human labor are the work of the ancestors of our present race of Indians within a few hundred years.

It will add much to antiquarian science, that the distinguished traveller, Mr. Stephens has been appointed Charge d'Affairs to Central America, in the place of the late Mr. Leggett. Mr. Stephens is an enterprising and judicious traveller, and he goes with his eyes open. He is an accurate and accurate observer of things. Mr. Catherwood, the distinguished traveller in Palestine, and other countries in the east, is about to visit the ruins of Palenque, and other antiquities in Central America. Two such men, by patient, careful and diligent research, will correct many of the errors into which the imagination, rather than personal examination, has led some writers about American antiquities.—Baptist Banner.

New painting of the Queen by an American.—A letter from a friend in London says: "You may have heard, ere this, that your countryman, Leslie, is engaged upon a picture of the coronation of Victoria. No sooner did the queen hear of his intention than she ordered a room to be assigned him in the palace, and extended all the facilities which could promote his object. The artist has chosen a most felicitous position for his principal figure—taking her at the moment when the sunshine streamed in upon her person, and played upon the splendid jewels of the crown. The queen has even complimented the artist so far as to order the picture for herself, in anticipation, telling him to fix his own price. Of course, out of regard to her majesty, Leslie ought to put a high valuation upon her picture."—N. Y. Mirror.

Charles Keen.—After an absence of seven years from the country where his earliest laurels were won, Mr. Charles Keen has returned, backed by an European reputation, and appeared several nights at the National Theatre. His first appearance was in the part of Hamlet, and though evidently labouring under extreme hoarseness, he proved to the satisfaction of all, that report had not exaggerated his merits. We have not witnessed so spirited and impressive a delineation of the character since the days of his father. The new readings which he introduced, were, in general, judicious and apposite. His delivery of the soliloquy was quite successful; and he produced a startling effect in the scene where he starts up from the feet of Ophelia, upon the discovery of his uncle's emotion. The whole performance was loudly cheered throughout, and at the fall of the curtain Mr. Keen was called for, and made a pertinent address. In Othello and Sir Giles Overreach, Mr. Keen developed new powers, and gave additional indications of that high histrionic genius which he has matured by assiduous practice and study. The tempestuous scenes in the last act of the latter play were rendered with extraordinary effect. The manner in which he sprang across the stage with every limb quivering, when he gives the lie to Wellborn, was a most thrilling piece of acting. Indeed, the whole scene was imminently fine. We regret that Mr. Keen has been prevented from appearing several nights in consequence of hoarseness. We hope that he will cease temporarily from his exertions, rather than incur the risk of heightening his illness—notwithstanding the disappointment which may ensue."—N. Y. Mirror.

SCRAPS FROM THE GERMAN OF LANGBEIN.

Translated for the New York Mirror.

The Hermit, a Fable.—A pious hermit, who lived in the solitude of the forest, far from the noise of men, was once wandering through the woods in search of a few wild fruits and berries to make up his frugal meal. He heard a moaning in the grass, and looking down saw a fox, both of whose fore-legs were broken, writhing like a snake on the ground, and apparently starving. The good hermit was about to seek some food for the helpless creature, when an eagle appeared, soaring high overhead, and suddenly let a fowl fall from its talons directly at the feet of the fox. The starving animal seized greedily on the precious prize, and soon made a hearty meal on it. "Ah," exclaimed the pious enthusiast, "this is the finger of God. Why did I distrust his providential care, and wander over hill and dale to seek for my daily food? He who brought food to the mouth of this helpless animal, will surely never forget his servant. Henceforth, I will take no more thought for my body's sustenance, but trust to his goodness, and devote all my time to meditation." True to his resolution, he returned to his cell, and neither plucked the fruits that hung on the trees around him, nor went down to the brook to quench his thirst. Three whole days he lived thus, and was wasting away to a shadow, in the vain hope of a direct interference of heaven. On the evening of the third day, just as he sunk into slumber, thunder rolled through the cave, he saw a form of angelic beauty, and heard a sweet but solemn voice that spoke thus:—

"Mortal, how feeble is thy understanding! Couldst thou thus misinterpret the lesson contained in the eagle's conduct? Thou art not lame and helpless as was the fox, but art strong and active, like the eagle that gave him food. Him thou wert to imitate, in going about and doing good to others; for know that idleness, even if accompanied by constant prayer, is odious in the sight of the Almighty."

A Coquette.—When I hear of a coquette's marriage, I am reminded of the dog's cus-

tom of marrying Venice to the sea, which, spite of the ceremony, is as free to all flags as before.

Bribery.—Do not blame a judge if he sells justice. It is too rare a commodity to be given away for nothing.

Undue Sensibility.—A woman who is always shedding tears must have a good deal of water in her head.

The Court Poet.—An eastern tale informs us that Alexander the Great had a court poet, whose vanity was fully equal to his talents, as is apt, by the way, to be the case with the votaries of the muses. The poet sought one day the presence of his sovereign, and adressed him thus—"Mighty sovereign, thy fame extends from pole to pole, and thy exploits have been made known in the farthest corners of the habitable globe. But remember, that tradition is fleeting and uncertain, and he who trusts his fame to the tongue of man, will soon be forgotten. Let me celebrate thy exploits in strains worthy of my theme, which may carry down thy name and fame to all ages. Only, as the sons of Phœbus are subject to the same wants as meaner mortals, let me know what thou wilt give me, if I fulfil my task?" The monarch smiled at the mercenary eagerness of the poet, and after a moment's thought, told him that he should have a piece of gold for every good line, and a blow for every bad one. The laureate accepted the conditions, full of confidence that it would rain gold and not blows. But when the work was read, although he got here and there a good many gold pieces, the blows predominated so fearfully, that before he got through the sixth canto, he was a dead man.

The Polygamist.—The story runs, that once, in the dark ages, a young man was brought before the authorities, charged with having married several wives. When called upon for his defence. "It is true," said he, "most learned judges, that I have married several women, but judge for yourselves whether my object in so doing was not praiseworthy. A man has surely a right, if he buys an article for good, and it turns out to be bad, to reject it. Now I found that the first wife I married was ill-tempered, the second lazy, and the third false, and so fourth. All I want is to get a good one, and I shall be satisfied." The bench were puzzled at first at this novel defence, but after a short consultation, decreed, that as it would be impossible for the defendant to find a perfect wife, except in the other world, he should immediately be put to death, to enable him to look for one.

Avance.—How absurd is advance in an old man! It is like a man scraping money anxiously together to pay his turnpikes, after he has got to the end of the road.

Amateur Authors.—Some dilettanti authors profess that they write and publish only for their own amusement. This is perfectly correct, for it certainly is not for other people's.

Extract from an article in the Prairie Beacon. ILLINOIS PRAIRIES.

Prairie is a French word, signifying meadow, and is applied to any description of soil, destitute of timber, and clothed with grass. The great peculiarity of the prairies is the absence of timber, in other respects they present all the varieties of soil and surface that are found elsewhere; some are of inexhaustible fertility; others are of hopeless sterility; some spread out into the vast, unbounded plains, others are undulating or rolling, perhaps broken by hills. In general, particularly in Illinois, they are covered with a luxuriant growth of grass.

Those strips of prairie that occur along the margin of water courses, are commonly denominated alluvial or wet prairies. They are for the most part of a black, deep and very friable soil of exhaustless fertility, and contain evident marks of having been the most recent deposits of running water. A strip of land along the eastern bank of the Mississippi, below the mouth of the Missouri, known as the American Bottom, is perhaps the most remarkable specimen of such a prairie. For most agricultural purposes, these are considered the best of soils; but are ordinarily too tender for the cultivated grasses. Yet the height and luxuriance of their native grass impress the beholder with astonishment.

Another kind of prairie, covered with hazel and a great variety of flowering shrubbery, is commonly termed the healthy or busy prairie. These present a broken and uneven surface, and abound in springs of water. They usually are met with along the skirts of timbered lands. In point of fertility, they are among the choicest portions of soil. Nowhere are flowers of the gayest hue and sweetest fragrance to be found in richer profusion.

Such tracts are peculiarly adapted to the culture of the vine.

But by far the most extensive tracts are the dry or undulating prairie.

From the Bangor Courier. A STORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.

A venerable old Dutchman, after having occupied all the offices of one of the principal cities of the republic with great honor, and having amassed a large fortune in the most unexceptionable manner, finally formed the resolution of going to terminate his days tranquilly at his country seat. But before retiring, he wished to take leave of his friends and connexions, and accordingly invited them all to a feast at his house.

The guests, who expected a most sumptuous repast, were much surprised on entering the dining room, to see there a large oaken table, hardly covered with a coarse blue cloth. On being seated, they were served on wooden plates, with salted herring, rye bread and butter, with some cheese and curdled milk. Wooden vases, filled with small beer, were passed round for each of the guests to serve themselves. The extreme oddity of the old gentleman caused secret murmurings among the company; but out of respect to his old age and wealth, instead of showing discontent, they pretended to relish their frugal fare, and some of them even complimented him upon the cordiality of those good old times which he had brought to remembrance. The old man—who was not duped by this feigned satisfaction—did not wish to carry the joke farther, but at a given signal which he gave, some servants, habited as country women, entered, bringing the second service. A white cloth succeeded the brown one, and some pewter plates succeeded the wooden ones. Instead of rye bread, herring and cheese, they were served with good brown bread, fresh beef, boiled fish, and strong beer. At this unexpected change the secret murmurs ceased; the polite invitations on the part of the old man became more pressing, and the guests ate with better appetite. Hardly had they time to taste the second service, when they saw a butler, followed by half a dozen servants in brilliant livery, bringing the third. A superb table of mahogany, covered with a beautiful flowered cloth, replaced the oaken one. A side-board was immediately covered with the richest plate and most curious china; and the sight of profusion of rare and exquisite meats. The most delicious wines were freely passed around, while a melodious concert was heard in an adjoining room. Toasts were drunk, and all were merry. But the good old man perceiving that his presence hindered the guests from giving themselves up to their full joy, rose and addressed them thus:—

"I give you thanks, ladies and gentlemen, for the favor which you have granted me. It is time I should retire myself, and leave you to your liberty. But before the ball commences, which I have ordered to be prepared for those who love the dance, permit me to acquaint you with the design that I proposed to myself in inviting you to a repast which has appeared so odd. I have wished to give you an idea of our Republic. Our ancestors rose to their high state, and acquired liberty, riches, and power, by living in the frugal manner which you saw in the first service. Our fathers preserved these great blessings only by living in the simple manner, of which the second service has retraced an image. If it is permitted to an old man who is about to leave you, and who tenderly loves you, to speak clearly what he thinks, I must say, I fear that the extravagant profusion which you have remarked in the last service, and which is the present style of living, will deprive us of more than our ancestors have acquired by the sweat of their brow, and our fathers have transmitted to us by their industry and wise administration."

The Faithful Dog.—In Youatt's 'Humanity to Brutes' is recorded the following anecdote of a Newfoundland dog: 'A vessel was driven on the beach of Lloyd, in Kent. The surf was rolling furiously—eight poor fellows were crying for help, but not a boat could be got off to their assistance. At length a gentleman came on the beach, accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the animal to the vessel, and put a short stick into his mouth. The intelligent and courageous fellow at once understood his meaning, and sprang into the sea, and fought his way through the waves. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged; but the crew joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it towards him. He saw the whole business in an instant; he dropped his own piece, and immediately seized that which had been cast to him, and then with a degree of strength and determination almost incredible, he dragged it through the surf and delivered it to his master. A line of communication was thus formed, and every man on board was rescued from a watery grave.'

We are pleased to see by the Louisville Journal that Dr. Daniel Drake, of Cincinnati, has been appointed President of the Louisville Medical Institute. The splendid talents and long experience of Dr. Drake have given him a character throughout the West and South which will add greatly to the prosperity of the Institution over which he has been called to preside.—Id.